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YMNS

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# HYMNS

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON 1822  
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*Left  
R. H. Haskell*

Andover, Mass.  
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1899





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## *The Conflict of Life . . .*

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ONWARD, onward, though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone ;  
God hath set a guardian legion  
Very near thee,—press thou on !

Upward, upward ! Their Hosanna  
Rolleth o'er thee, "God is Love!"  
All around thy red-cross banner  
Streams the radiance from above.

## The Conflict of Life

By the thorn-road, and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won ;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother !  
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,  
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,  
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,  
O, for their sake, press thou on !

## The Conflict of Life

Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace ;  
While it needs thee, O, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,  
That thou be a faithful son ;  
By the prayer of Jesus,—“Father,  
Not my will, but Thine, be done !”

*The Reformer's  
Now . . . .*

---

**G**OD of the earnest heart,  
The trust assured and still,  
Thou, who our strength forever art,—  
We come to do Thy will!

Upon that painful road  
By saints serenely trod,  
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed  
Would we go forth, O God!

## The Reformer's Vow

Gainst doubt and shame and fear  
In human hearts to strive,  
That all may learn to love and bear,  
To conquer self, and live ;

To draw Thy blessing down,  
And bring the wronged redress,  
And give this glorious world its crown,  
The spirit's Godlikeness.



### The Reformer's Dow

No dreams from toil to charm,  
No trembling on the tongue,—  
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,  
Through Thy completeness, strong!

Thou hearest while we pray;  
O deep within us write,  
With kindling power, our God, today,  
Thy word,—“On earth be light!”

## Evolution . .

**L**IFE of Ages, richly poured,  
Soul of Worlds, unspent and free,  
Nature's uncreated Word,  
Atom and Infinity!

Secret of the morning stars,  
Motion of the oldest hours,  
Pledge through elemental wars  
Of the coming spirit's powers!

## Evolution

Rolling planet, flaming sun,  
Stand in nobler man complete ;  
Prescient laws Thine errands run,  
Frame a shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, his wondering eye  
Upward yearned, in joy or awe,  
Found the love that waited nigh,  
Guidance of Thy guardian Law.

## Evolution

In the touch of earth it thrilled ;  
Down from mystic skies it burned ;  
Right obeyed and passion stilled  
Its eternal gladness earned.

Still the immortal flame upspeeds,  
Kindling worlds to pure desire ;  
Where the unerring Spirit leads,  
Ages wonder and aspire.

## Inspiration

**L**IFE of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flowing in the Prophet's word  
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race  
That unstinted tide confined ;  
Thine is every time and place,  
Fountain sweet of heart and mind !



## Inspiration

Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,  
Holy book and pilgrim track,  
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
From the sacred limits back,—

## Inspiration

Life of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flow still in the Prophet's word  
And the People's liberty!

*In Time of  
War . . .*

---

**L**ORD, once our faith in man no fear  
could move;

Now save it from despair!

The trial comes; strengthen the might  
of love;

Father, Thou hearest prayer!

Thou hearest; and we hear, above this din,

Thy blessed word sound clear:

“I purge this land from slavery and sin;

The reign of heaven draws near.”



### In Time of War

O, never falter, ye who strive to bring  
In men the heavenly birth;  
For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,  
“Peace to the weary earth!”

O, never falter! peace must come by pain;  
Heaven is not found, but won;  
Hold the dark angel till he moulds again  
The peace he hath undone.

## In Time of War

We know not, Lord, what storms and  
trials strong

Must work our world's new birth;  
But we will toil, with this for working-  
song,—

“Peace to the weary earth !”

Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick  
earth !

Peace to the heart of man !  
Storm shall bring calm ; that high reward  
is worth

All we must bear, or can.



**The Church's  
Work . . . .**

---

**T**HOU, whose glad summer yields  
Fit increase of the spring,  
In faith we sow these living fields,  
Bless Thou the harvesting!

Thy Church must lead aright  
Life's work, left all undone,  
Till founded fast in love and light,  
Earth home to heaven be won.

## The Church's Work

Grant, then, Thy servants, Lord,  
Fresh strength from hour to hour ;  
Through speech and deed the living word  
Find utterance with power,

To keep the child's faith bright,  
To strengthen manhood's truth,  
And set the age-dimmed eye alight  
With heaven's eternal youth !

## The Church's Work

That in the time's stern strife,  
    With saints we speed reform,  
Unresting in the calm of life,  
    Unshrinking in its storm.

*Dedication of a  
Chapel . . . . .*

---

TO Light, that shines in stars and souls ;  
To Law, that rounds the world with calm ;  
To Love, whose equal triumph rolls  
Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm,  
We wed these walls with unseen bands,  
In holier shrines not built with hands.

May purer sacrament be here  
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed,—  
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere  
To serve the time's all-pressing need,  
And rear, its heaving sea above,  
Strongholds of Freedom, folds of Love.

### Dedication of a Chapel

Here be the wanderer homeward led;  
Here living streams in fullness flow;  
And every hungering soul be fed,  
That yearns the Eternal Will to know;  
Here conscience hurl her stern reply  
To mammon's lust and slavery's lie.

Speak, Living God, Thy full command  
Through prayer of faith and word of power,  
That we with girded loins may stand  
To do Thy work and wait Thine hour,  
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears,  
For harvests in serener years.

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Made Perfect Through  
Suffering . . . . .

**I** BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent  
To break my dream of human power;  
For now my shallow cistern's spent,  
I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take Thy hand, and fears grow still;  
Behold Thy face, and doubts remove;  
Who would not yield his wavering will  
To perfect Truth, and boundless Love?

Made Perfect Through Suffering

That Love this restless soul doth teach  
The strength of Thine eternal calm ;  
And tune its sad and broken speech,  
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in Thy hands,  
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,  
To service of Thy pure commands,  
The narrow way to Love and Power.



*The Power of  
Jesus . . . .*

---

**S**TRONG-SOULED Reformer, whose far-  
seeing faith  
Of lifted cry and tumult had no need,—  
Who stay'dst the lightnings of Thy holy  
wrath  
With pitying love, to spare the bruised reed,—  
Thy will to save, Thy strength to conquer,  
flowed  
From seas of tenderness and might in God.

## The Power of Jesus

Thy living word sprang from the heart of Man,  
Eternal word of love and liberty:  
Fearless thou gav'st it to the winds again ;  
'Twas Manhood's native tongue, and could  
not die.  
To thy dear brotherhood life's pulses leap;  
And wakening ages answer, deep to deep.

## City of God

**C**ITY of God, how broad and far  
    Outspread thy walls sublime!  
The true thy chartered freemen are,  
    Of every age and clime —

One holy Church, one army strong,  
    One steadfast high intent,  
One working band, one harvest-song,  
    One King Omnipotent!

### City of God

How purely hath thy speech come down  
From man's primeval youth !  
How grandly hath thine empire grown  
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,  
With never fainting ray !  
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day !

City of God

In vain the surge's angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands;  
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,  
The Eternal City stands.

## For Divine Strength

for Divine Strength

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides, and when pain seems to have its  
will,  
Or we despair,—O, may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence  
kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;  
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep  
revealing  
Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness from  
above.





Paul . . .

THE Will Divine that woke a waiting time  
With desert cry and Calvary's cross sublime,  
Had equal need on thee its power to prove,  
Thou soul of passionate zeal and tenderest love.

O slave devout of burdening Hebrew school,  
Proud to fulfil each time-exalted rule,  
How broke the illusion of thy swelling wrath  
On that meek front of calm, enduring faith !

Paul . . .

What large atonement that great conscience  
pays!

For every wounding slight, a psalm of praise;  
Unending worship shall the debt consume,  
For hours of rage, a life of martyrdom.

Yet in such morning glow, such vital day,  
What chilling sense of claim or debt can stay?  
O wondrous power of noble love, to free  
From binding Law to glorious Liberty!

Paul . . .

Dream not that one hath drained the exhaust-  
less sea;

Full pours the tide in widening stream for thee;  
Lift for new liberties that conquering sign;  
Shatter the severing walls with touch divine.

## The Shepherd's Mountain Song

[From the German of Uhland. This is a very free translation, yet I trust not without some portion of the enthusiastic spirit of the original.]

**H**A! the shepherd's mount on high!  
Castles lie scattered beneath my eye,  
Here the sun's earliest beam is bright—  
Here lingers last the grey twilight—  
Hurra! with me, the mountain boy!

Here springs the stream from its mountain  
home,  
My arms I plunge in its bursting foam,  
And drink as I catch the fresh bright spray

### The Shepherd's Mountain Song

As it leaps the smooth rock in its dancing  
way,  
Hurra! the stream of the mountain boy!

My father's mount — around thy head,  
Speeds wildly ever the storm winds dread,  
From the North and South, with loud, shrill  
yell,  
But louder and shriller shall o'er them swell,  
Hurra! the song of the mountain boy!

For here from the calm blue sky I call  
To the flash and the peal of their cloudy wall;

## The Shepherd's Mountain Song

“ I know ye will, and I fear ye not !  
Leave ye in peace my father's cot ! ”  
Hurra ! in the storm the mountain boy !

And when the war bell calls our bands,  
And flare from the hilltops a thousand brands !  
Then gaily descending, the ranks among,  
I'll swing my glaive, and sing my song,  
Hurra ! the song of the mountain boy !

*September, 1842.*

Music at Frankfort  
on the Main . . . .

THE blue lonely River is passing ever —  
And the green trees silently stand  
With the yellow harvest fields — and over  
The woods and far hills of the land  
Is holy peace — and the reapers band  
Cease the toil of evening — never —  
To bid it farewell — the lonely River  
The still brave passing River  
The lonely River.



Music at Frankfort on the Main

And yet there's a melody rising and falling  
To suit the life of the solemn scene  
From the passing River's heart 'tis calling  
And the heart knoweth what those tones mean,  
To the far life fountain now softly leading,  
And forth amidst bright summer spreading  
Now through a sad sweet farewell gliding  
And thus it must ever be —

## Music at Frankfort on the Main

Deep mysterious voices gather now  
And with the lingering River flow  
Down to eternity.

Spirit, thou joinest the solemn motion  
And passest away in still devotion  
In music all things pass from thee —  
A still blue River thou lingerest by  
In the sunset — solemnly —

## Music at Frankfort on the Main

Down among the heavy rocks  
With a heavier roar  
Sullen, strong, the fearless stream  
Moves on, ever more —

Flower banks and butterflies  
Here in sunlight play,  
There the rugged, woody steeps  
Yet it will not stay—

Music at Frankfort on the Main

Far away the mountains rise  
Cloud-capped — resting ever —  
And the torrent, mid the rocks  
Speeds on, fainting never.

Down among the heavy rocks  
Must our life be spent,  
But the far hills shall be reached,  
Slow the rocks be rent.

*Switzerland, 1844.*

## In the Dunes

**B**EHIND these far-stretched ramparts of  
drear sand,  
Slow-lifted by the Ocean's secular toil,  
Laying with patient care restraining hand  
On his own might, to cease from human spoil,  
Nestle the hamlets of a dear-bought land.  
By booming billows lashed, these lines of power  
In steadfast quiet face the stormy shore,  
Colossal shapes unmoved by Northern gust  
Ever the friendly Titans whisper trust.  
Bare death around us, living homes below,  
Beyond, the rounding deep of Sea, or Heaven,  
The sympathy of Nature's heart to know—  
Rest for the spirit in her laws is given.

*November, 1878.*

## The Chiming Bells

[Written at Cambridge, Sunday eve, January 6th, 1839, on hearing the bells chiming from the neighboring city.]

**H**OW sweet upon the evening breeze,  
That solemn music floats along!  
As if an angel tuned his harp,  
And heavenly voices raised the song.

Now clear and full, they sweep along;  
And now so softly die away,  
Yet would we still those notes prolong,  
And bid those whispering voices stay.

## The Chiming Bells

Night's sable mantle round her thrown,  
Fair nature lies in peaceful sleep ;  
Like guardian angels bending down,  
The stars their silent vigils keep.

Chime on, chime on, ye vesper bells !  
My listening ears ye cannot tire —  
For every note that onward swells,  
I hail, as from a sacred lyre.



## The Chiming Bells

Chime on, chime on, and as ye raise  
Your vesper anthem to the skies,  
So let our evening prayers and praise,  
To heaven, like grateful incense, rise.

## The Song of the Evening Clouds .

**S**PIRITS, ye've gathered around the west,  
With your swelling robes hung out,  
Ye have spread their folds, and opened your  
breast,  
For your Lord of Fire, and in cradled rest,  
Ye are bearing him down to his evening nest  
As with laughter and merry shout.

Ye have come from far—for I've watched you  
sail,  
On your track of unspotted blue—

## The Song of the Evening Clouds

And I thought he had summoned you all, by  
the gale  
As with fearful footsteps, ye glided up pale,  
Till pouring bright colors he bade you hail,  
And sing to the world his adieu.

“Good night—good night—is there one on  
earth  
Can rest in so proud a pile?  
See—these lovely daughters of dewy mirth,  
Brought by my day’s long toil into birth  
Have spread their vestments, a golden girth  
To rock me to sleep the while”—

## The Song of the Evening Clouds

“Farewell—farewell—the lesson receive—  
If a sunset like mine you would find—  
For when toil bears heavy, and sorrows grieve,  
Up—up—and press onward—that these may  
give,  
Bright spirits to bless your age, and leave  
No stains on the blue behind”—

“Like me you shall spend your closing hours,  
On a pillow unworn by toil,  
No cares shall intrude in your haunted bowers,  
But memory’s spirits float round with flowers  
And hold sweet converse of bygone showers  
They have dropped upon thirsty soil.”

## The Song of the Evening Clouds

“ They are clad in rich vestures of unsullied dye  
    Oh ! richer by far than gold !  
As the beams of thy love all joyfully  
Have called them up from along thy way,  
And clad them in robes of purity,  
    Oh ! richer by far than gold ! ”

“ For gold is a silent and selfish thing,  
    But these have their voices for aye,  
They will whisper—‘for heaven—plume thy  
    wing’,  
Sweet censers from gratitude’s altar they’ll  
    bring,  
Sweet songs in melodious cadence they’ll sing  
    Oh ! is it not bliss so to die ! ”

### The Song of the Evening Clouds

They ceased—and their chorus had died away,  
But I turned not back,—for still,  
His parting rays yet lingered to play  
Round the West—and the spirits yet seemed  
to say  
“The fame of the righteous dies not with his  
day  
'Tis a city that's built on a hill.”

*July, 1840.*



## Autobiography

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SAMUEL JOHNSON, an American writer of essays and discourses on religious, moral, political, and aesthetic subjects, and author of an extended work on Oriental Civilizations in their relation to Universal Religion.

He was born at Salem, Mass., in 1822, and graduated at the Harvard Theological School in 1846.

In 1853 he established at Lynn, Mass., an Independent Religious Society without denominational connexions of any kind, devoted



to free thought and human progress, of which he continued to be the preacher until 1870. During the whole anti-slavery conflict he was an active advocate of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and his numerous contributions to religious literature have been of a thoroughly rationalistic and radically constructive character. As a pure Theist, or more properly spiritual Pantheist, he has been outside of all ecclesiastical organizations, and does not allow himself to be numbered among the disciples of any special positive religion. He has sought to do impartial justice to all historical faiths by distinguishing their universal and permanent substance from their personal and transient forms, and to find the enduring basis for relig-

ious belief and communion in the natural and familiar laws, which govern the evolution of humanity.

Mr. Johnson's work on Oriental Religions, two large volumes of which, on India and China, have already appeared, and a third, on Iranian Religions, is now in progress, is written from a non-christian and purely humanistic point of view, to indicate the psychological functions of each of the great fragmentary Religions of the past and their germinal connexions with that more comprehensive religion of the future, to which science and humanity point the new way. It aims not only to vindicate in detail the universality of religious ideas, the sympathies of races, and the unity of

ethical and spiritual evolution, but also to base their elements on the laws of man's spiritual nature in place of the personal, local and otherwise exclusive claims of positive religions.

Mr. Johnson's philosophy is transcendental, and his science, and he regards the construction of these as the main characteristic of his thought, evolutionary. Two compilations, a Book of Hymns (1846) and Hymns of the Spirit (1864) made in connexion with his friend Samuel Longfellow, indicate the growth of similar tendencies. And in the same spirit the Origin of Christianity is treated in a little work called the Worship of Jesus in Past and Present aspects (1868) in which he declines to regard Civilization as the synonym of Chris-

tianity or even as its outgrowth, and seeks to account for the ascriptions of divinity to Jesus by simply natural causes, as a personal idealization, growing out of conditions, in the demands of his age, which have continued in force to the present time, when a different form of the ideal must support it.

1880.

















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